

# Literary & Musical MAGAZINE.

Subscriptions received at No. 272 Market-street, between Eighth and Ninth-streets, Philadelphia.

## MUSICAL SKETCHES.—No. IX.

### ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

*Dr. Crotch's Introductory Lecture continued.*—Antipathy to improvement is not a modern failing, although it almost proved fatal to an ancient, who, for adding a seventh string to the lyre, had nearly lost his life. The principles and rules of taste in the fine arts, as painting and architecture, are in general referable to music; and Dr. Crotch advised the student to form his taste on the principles laid down by sir Joshua Reynolds, in his judicious and elegant discourses on painting, their application being almost universal.—The Doctor does not consider music as *inimitable*, but that it addresses itself to the *imagination* for its effect and expression. The musical critic, therefore, to enjoy it completely, must enter into the design or intention of the composer. The inexperienced critic must also endeavor to discover and distinguish the peculiar and characteristic beauties and merits, and even almost feign a liking and admiration of those compositions which have been long esteemed as master-pieces: and he will find that his judgment will be convinced as his critical abilities and taste in music improve: it being observable in music, as well as in painting and other arts, that the finest compositions and performances do not strike at first, but that their beauties and their designs are elicited by repetition. The lecturer considered music as susceptible of being divided into the sublime, the beautiful, and the ornamental or picturesque styles; and that those effects or ideas are presented to the mind, or imagination, by the same analogies or associations which produce similar ideas or effects in viewing the productions of nature or the fine arts.

Mrs. Cibber, when Catalani, Naldi, and Fischer, met, prevailed on Handel to sit down to the harpsichord, when he played the overture of Siroe, and particularly delighted the company by the wonderful neatness with which he played the jig at the end of it. Quin, after Handel was gone, being

asked by Mrs. Cibber, whether he did not think Mr. Handel had a charming hand? replied, “*a hand, madame! you mistake, it is a foot!*”—“*Poh! poh!* said she, *has he not a fine finger?*”—“*Toes, by G—madame!*” In fact his hand was so fat, that the knuckles, which usually appear convex, were like those of a child, dinted, or dimpled in, so as to be rendered concave: however, his touch was so smooth, that his fingers seemed to grow to the keys. They were so curved and compact, when he played, that no motion, and scarcely the fingers themselves could be discovered.

The late Mr. Brown, leader of his majesty's band, used to tell several stories of Handel's love of good cheer, liquid and solid. During the oratorio season, Brown, among other principal performers, being at dinner in Brook street; during the repast Handel often cried out, “*oh! I have de taught!*” when the company, unwilling that, out of civility to them, the public should be robbed of any thing so valuable as his musical ideas, begged he would retire and write them down; with which request, however, he so frequently complied, that at last one of the most suspicious had the unlucky curiosity to peep through the key-hole into the adjoining room, where he perceived, that *dese taughts* were only bestowed on a hamper of Burgundy, which, it was afterwards discovered, he had just received as a present from his friend and patron, the late lord Radnor, while his company was regaled with humble Port.

One night, while Handel was in Dublin, Dubourg having a solo part in a song, and a close to make *ad libitum*, he wandered about a great while, and seemed a little bewildered and uncertain of his *original* key; but at length coming to the shake, which was to terminate this long close, Handel, to the great delight of the audience, and augmentation of applause, cried out loud enough to be heard in the most remote parts of the theatre, “*you are welcome home, Mr. Dubourg?*”

*New Musical Publications in Great Britain.*

A Grammar of Music: to which are prefixed, observations explanatory of the properties and powers of music as a science, and of the general scope and object of the work. By Thomas Busby, Mus. Doc.

We have perused this Grammar (a companion to the same author's Dictionary) with much satisfaction. Commencing with the development of the first rudiments of the harmonic science, it proceeds, *gradatim*, to the most abstruse departments of thorough bass, and the secrets of refined and complicated counter-point.

Remarks on the present state of Musical Instruction, with the prospectus of an improved plan for demonstrating the necessity of a new order of musical designation; by J. Rolf.

This work, which is spoken very highly of, is intended, the reviewers observe, to guide and accelerate the progress of the amateur; but they by no means flatter the author when they say, that every musical student and most professors may derive considerable benefit from its studious perusal.

Lives of Haydn and Mozart. 2d edition 8vo.

History of the Rise and Progress of Music, theoretical and practical; by G. Jones. 4 to 15ps.

We are told that this volume consists of an abridgment of Hawkins, Burney, and other writers, and constitutes the article Music in the *Encyclopaedia Londinensis*. It is said to be executed throughout, with care, and the compilation has evidently been made by one who understands the science, and who is acquainted with the species of information desirable to the amateur.

A new method of Italian singing, composed and dedicated to Thomas Broadwood, Esq. by James Godfrey Herrari, Esq. 18ps.

It is said that the subject matter of the treatise is solid, instructive, and very well written. The Italian of the author is, we understand, translated by Mr. Shield, master of the king's band.—The reviewers regard this vocal guide as one of the best digested and most useful works of the kind that has ever appeared.

On the 1st. of January last, the first number of a new monthly work was issued in London, entitled '*the English Musical Gazette; or Monthly Intelligencer*, exclusively devoted to music.'

This is the first journal of the kind ever published in London.

[~~On~~ On the same day, commenced this magazine, the only one of the kind in America.—EDITOR.]

*Musical Instruments.*—Clementi & Co. announce that they have discovered a complete remedy for the jarring noise so much and justly complained of in the keys of the patent flute, on the usual mode of construction.

Their newly-invented Elastic Plug Keys, not only enable the performer to execute the most rapid chromatic passages without the least offence to the ear from the action of the keys, but possess the great additional advantage of stopping with an accuracy and certainty never before attained.

[By our Letter-Box.]

*WHAT MAID WOULD NOT WISH TO BE,  
THE SOVEREIGN LADY OF 20 KNIGHTS.*  
Pleasant is the tale of other times—it sends my soul back to the ages of old—and to the days of other years.—

*A NEW NOVEL*—[Continued.]

Eudocia assented, and Theodore wondering, demanded an explanation—It was now his turn to argue on a mistaken wayward fancy—it was her's to be inattentive; he saw she was and left her, regretting from his soul, the change the court beauty had wrought in the heart of his gentle mistress. Again she made her new friend repeat the alluring description, and each time was more enamoured with it. Madame Valere overheard the conference, and grieved at her daughter's concluding with a sigh full of regret, lamenting her obscure fate, which condemned her to a lonely vale, where splendor never deigned to show herself; but all was wearisome toil, or insipid ease, degenerating into languor, scarce conscious of its own existence. ‘Oh! mayest thou never be wakened to a painful sense of thine?’ was the aspiration of her maternal heart—‘Lovely blossoms of perfect beauty, how alive, how keenly alive are your young desires, to the magic sound of pleasure?—Alas! its roses are but thinly scattered, and oft conceal for the hand which attempts to gather them, the sharpest thorns—Ah! my Eudocia, she continued, turning to her, you

know not this world for which you now pant,—believe me who do, ignorance of it is your sole insurance from its ills. You look only on the fair side of the picture, examine the reverse. A knowledge of the world may improve the manners, but trust me, my young friends, does not mend the heart—Ah no! In the perplexing rounds, its finer feelings are blunted, its generous virtues warped, the freezing breath of a cold selfish set of people forces them to abate their ardor, and stand on their defence. Candour gives place to dissimulation, liberality to prudence, friendship to convenience, love to interest. If in this vale you are shut out from the gaudy scenes, your intoxicated imaginations give such charms to; you are also removed from the snares of seduction, the wounds of invidious malice, and the grief of disappointed hopes.—Eudocia sighed, but it was not a sigh of conviction, it was rather for the prejudices she saw her mother entertained, which forbade a hope of her wish being accomplished, to judge for herself of a world, she could not but persuade herself was far more eligible than Suzy. Madame Valere's first object was her Eudocia's happiness, she now saw it disturbed; from choice not necessity she had made the valley her residence.

"I will return, my dear Eudocia, she said, for your sake, to a world I hoped I had turned my back on forever. I will point out its dangers; and if possible screen you from them. And ah! may you never look back with regret to this day, or to mourn the distempered imagination which blinds your judgment!"

"Ah! madame, said Eudocia, sensibly touched by her indulgence, how good are you!—How ungrateful am I—ungrateful to your tenderness!—disobedient to your wishes! (I know not the harshness of a command) I yield to your arguments, nor will I suffer my desires to lead me from Suzy." Yet

"I fully comprehend that yet—said madame Valere kissing her forehead, go to rest, my love, we will talk more of this in the morning."

The result of the morning's conference was a determination to leave the plains of Suzy; and as the route madame Valere intended to take, was partly that of sir Thomas's, he agreed to wait two days till she should prepare for her journey.

"I might" said madame Valere to her daughter "I know my authority could keep you still in this

valley; but should heaven take me from you, you might then indulge your wish for rambling. Without a guide to warn you, or friend to direct, your dangers would be multiplied; yet imagine not, my love, I wish to terrify you by enumerating them, or to impose on your ignorance, by an attempt to persuade you, happiness is to be found even in Suzy; believe it, Eudocia. your searches for her will be vain as those of every former pursuer. But mild, serene content; the child of innocence, is no ideal being, she once dwelt with us —see! already have idle wishes, and sickly distaste driven her from us, I understand that look, how expressively does it speak! Age feels not, allows not for the period of youth. It forgets the days when such sighs, such hopes, agitated its own bosom. No! my Eudocia—I do not forget I once was lured by illusive prospects, deceived by imaginary good—regardless of certain tranquillity, but I also remember the bitter consequences; I sought to guard you from such by removing you from their sphere, I have failed. May I, grant Heaven! prove more fortunate in shielding you from the errors, the sorrows, into which they led me."

"Is it not odd, my mother," said Eudocia, "I should yet be a stranger to the events of your life?—of your descent, or whether we are in reality the unconnected beings we appear to be, have we no claims on society, none of those relatives which bind their interests and affections?"

During this speech madame Valere was busied in uncovering a casket--its contents dazzled the eyes of the fair interrogator, by the glittering rays reflected from various feminine ornaments, composed of diamonds of the most brilliant quality and lustre. Eudocia viewed them with delighted wonder, and forgot her question. A chest hitherto neglected was now opened, and displayed several costly suits of gold stuff, silk, &c.

"Bless me," said Eudocia, "why, madame, do I wear this linen robe when these lie by neglected?"

"We are all alike," said madame Valere half aloud, "and nothing but experience will teach us, how much solid peace we sacrifice to empty glitter, unsubstantial toys. This little rustic, reared in the lap of plain simplicity, feels her heart bound with her sex's lightness at this painted pageantry."

OLERON.

[To be continued.]

# Life let us cherish.

*Andantino.*

Life let us cher - ish, while yet the ta - per glows,

and the fresh flow' - - rets pluck 'ere it close. Why

are we fond of toil and care why choose the rank - ling thorn to wear and

heed - less by the li - - ly stray which blos - soms in our way. *D. C.*

## II.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,  
And forked lightnings rend the air,  
The sun resumes his silver crest,  
And smiles adorn the west.

## III.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,  
Then let us 'ere we quit this shore,  
Contentment seek; it is life's zest,  
The sunshine of the breast.

## IV.

Away with ev'ry toil and care,  
And cease the rankling thorn to wear,  
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,  
Till death sounds the retreat.

**LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE.**  
PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 21, 1819.

**MR. KEENE.**

The following laconic notice of this gentleman as a singer, is perhaps the best compliment which could be paid to his meritorious talents.

*To the Editor of the Literary & Musical Magazine, Sir,* I have attended the concerts of Mr. Keene, and hesitate not to say, that while he continues amongst us, no person will regret the absence of Mr. Philipps.

**THE "ACADEMICIAN."**

Under this title, a periodical paper is published in New York, and which is undoubtedly the most useful, and the most scientific, work, on education generally, that ever appeared in this country —It ought to be in the hands of all persons entrusted with the care of youth, let their modes of instruction be ever so various, as much may be gained, and nothing lost by its perusal. Its columns appear to be open alike to the free investigation of every subject proposed as improvements, and the defence of systems exposed as erroneous or fallacious. The public may rest assured, that the editors are men of the first-rate talents: The work, besides its abstruse subjects, contains occasionally *light* articles, which also show them possess of correct and refined taste in the flowers of Literature.

**THE "PLOUGH-BOY."**

The first number of a paper with this title, published weekly, in quarto form, has just made its appearance in Albany. The editor is, no doubt, S. Southwick, Esq. a gentleman of acknowledged literary reputation, as well as of great and varied attainments, now the Post-master of Albany, and long known as the editor of a gazette published in that place.

Altho this paper, which is written with great spirit and well printed, appears to be principally devoted to the subject of Agriculture, yet the editor intends to devote a considerable part of it to literature, the arts, commerce and manufactures; and to the civil and political history of our country.

We were much pleased in looking over Mr. Southwick's perspicuous, well arranged, and

interesting summary of events, which we hope he will follow up in his subsequent numbers in an equal judicious manner.

A letter enclosing three dollars, addressed to the Post-master at Albany, will insure the regular transmission of the "Plough-Boy" by the mail for twelve months.

We heartily wish him success, because we think he highly deserves it.

*Messrs. Bernard, Duff, and Mrs. Wheatley*, are on a tour to the Eastward, giving concerts in Salem, Newburyport, &c.

*Mrs. French* gave a charity concert in Boston, 11th inst. as a farewell, to as elegant an assemblage as ever graced Boylston Hall.

*Mr. and Mrs. Parker, and Mr. Goll*, constitute the *Corps du Ballet* of the New York Theatre —their performances are spoken of in the highest terms.

Twenty-thousand persons at least are daily begging for work in this city. The price paid by the commissary-general for making a pair of pantaloons, or a shirt, for a soldier, is  $12\frac{1}{2}$  cents. Thus a woman to earn one dollar and a half per week, must make two shirts, or two pair of pantaloons, each day. In New York, the same thing exists—six hundred women have been seen at daylight soliciting work of a manufacturer.

*Scarcity of money.*—This city contains 100,000 inhabitants—which, at only one dollar a week for each, on an average, for provisions, makes 100,000 dollars per week, or 14,000 dollars per day!—five million of dollars continually in circulation every year!

*The city of Washington*, receives annually, on an average, one thousand and five hundred dollars for tavern licences, and three hundred for billiard tables.

*A French paper* says, every day, at Paris, the borders of gentlemen's hats enlarge, the coats diminish, and the pantaloons extend. Upon this a wag observed, 'I cannot tell where our *dandies* hide themselves—we can neither see their face, their figure, nor their legs.'

*A Velocipeder* presented himself at a turnpike gate, and demanded what was to pay? 'that, said the keeper, depends upon whether you ride upon your hobby, or pull it through—in the latter case, you know, a two-wheel carriage, drawn by any horse, mule, or ass, is liable to the toll, and you, I expect, will come within the meaning of the Act.'

*Wheel-barrow-nobility.*—In a plea to prove the nobility of Perrette Bureau, married, in 1446, to Jane le Gras, it was urged that, on her wedding day, she was carried to church in a wheel-barrow, with a faggot of thorns and juniper, as anciently used to be done to gentlemen and gentlewomen—that ceremony never being practised for those who were not *noble* and *well born*.

*A premium* being offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of *irrigation*, and the word being spelled *irritation*, by mistake of the printer, a farmer sent his wife to claim the reward.

*Mrs. Verdier*, of Virginia has contracted to deliver from her own farm, *three hundred and eighty-four* fresh laid hen's eggs, *every day*.

#### THE TIMES.—No. IV.

I am satisfied of one fact, and from close personal observation, and that is, a very considerable and unnecessary sum of money is annually expended in this city, from the too prevailing custom of sending servants to market instead of the master going himself. Old men will be curious and prying into other people's affairs; I know it and must abide the censure; but, as I said before, am well off in the world, and have nothing else to do than to look out for the best means of promoting the happiness of my fellow creatures, so I brushed up my old cocked hat, seized my cane, and one bright morning in spring I took my stand near the market, to make observations on what passed in that bustling and all important place. Upon a moderate calculation, I decided, that out of four persons who came to market, two were servants, and I had an opportunity of observing their separate expenditures. A black gentleman, with his wool nicely combed, a superfine blue coat, with watch

and seals, and a large basket on his arm, brushed up to the butcher. I want five ribs and three of the best steaks. You must give my price, then says the butcher. I never dispute that, said the black gentleman—come, weigh them—here's the money. Four cutlets, said he to the veal butcher—how much? Twelve shillings—there's the shiners. Put those fowls into my basket Mr. said the sable provider, and take out the price from this five dollar note. Let me see what else. Three dozen of eggs, salads, cranberries—Zounds, I shall have nothing left out of my ten dollars. In this manner did an improvident master entrust a careless servant to cater for him, who, without system or economy, expended ten dollars, when five would have been more than sufficient. Suppose that this sum is thus daily wasted, it consumes somewhere near 3000 dollars per annum for marketing alone. Is it surprising that people become insolvent? A master of a family, instead of rolling about in bed until 8 o'clock, or probably later, or harmonising with his drowsy wife, in a good comfortable snore, 'making the welkin ring,' should be stirring with the lark; should rouse the servants; set industry into motion; be off to market himself with his little basket; should cheapen every thing he may require, and purchase no more than what is strictly necessary, and then return from his economical duty, and find his wife ready to receive him at breakfast with cheerful looks, his table spread with frugality, cleanliness and comfort. Then the business of the day having had a happy and judicious commencement, will progress lightly and prosperously. What pride can be more false, more dangerous, more censurable, than that of feeling ashamed to purchase in person, and not by deputy, the articles indispensable for domestic consumption. Set your house to rights is an early and a just proverb, and if husbands do not set a proper example of economy to wives, they are not authorized in railing at their wives' extravagance. I do not admire invidious comparisons, nor am I pleased when I see one city eulogised at the expense of another, but I do admire the Philadelphia custom of ladies going to market; and I see no reason why ladies should not go to market, as well as to go what is called 'a shopping.' I can perceive no difference in a lady's purchasing a nice pound of butter, a basket of fruit or a pair of pheasants than in purchasing a pair of shoes, a pair of

gloves, floss cotton, or a chip hat; in principle, and in practice, it is the same; both, of necessity, are indispensable. But, as I was saying, I do admire the Philadelphia ladies, who market twice a week, make all domestic purchasers, and are familiar with all the arcana of higgling and purchasing on the best terms. Who are they serving? Why, their families. Many a time and oft' have I admired those bewitching faces, with pure red and white, peeping from under a drab bonnet, pacing with modest steps up and down a clean market, with a nice looking little girl behind with a basket and a tin kettle, in which the butter lies covered with fresh vine leaves and congealed with ice, a small steak, a few mutton chops, a salad or a fowl, the aggregate of which is not considerable, constitute their maximum of supplies, and thus is economy promoted and comfort produced. It is very injudicious to trust servants with what is the duty of masters to perform. A servant may feel some interest for his master; but not knowing the resources of the master, he cannot study that interest with proper nicety; though it most frequently happens, that by trusting expenditures to their care, the 'superflux' too generally finds its way into their pockets.

HOWARD.

(From the Word.)

## TO DELLA CRUSCA.

Hush'd, be each ruder note!—Soft silence spread,  
With ermine hand, thy cobweb robe around;  
Attention! pillow my reclining head,  
Whilst eagerly I catch the golden sound.  
  
Ha! What a tone was that, which floating near,  
Seem'd harmony's full soul—whose is the lyre?  
Which seizing thus on my enraptur'd ear,  
Chills with its force, yet melts me with its fire.  
  
Ah dull of heart! thy minstrel's touch not know,  
What bard but Della Crusca boasts such skill?  
From him alone, those melting notes can flow—  
He, only knows adroitly thus to trill.  
  
Well have I left the groves, which sighing wave  
Amidst November's blast their naked arms,  
Whilst their red leaves fall flutt'ring to their grave,  
And give again to dust May's vernal charms.  
  
Well have I left the air embosom'd hills,  
Where sprightly health in verdant buskin plays;  
Forsaken fallow meads and circling mills,  
And thyme-dress'd heaths, where the soft flock  
yet strays.  
  
Obscuring smoak, and air impure I greet,  
With the coarse din that trade and folly form,  
For here the Muse's Son again I meet—  
I catch his notes amidst the vulgar storm.

His notes now bear me, pensive, to the plain,  
Cloath'd by a verdure drawn from Britain's heart;  
Whose heroes bled superior to their pain,  
Sunk, crown'd with glory, and contemn'd the smart.  
  
Soft, as he leads me round th' ensanguin'd fields,  
The laurel'd shades forsake their grassy tomb,  
The bursting sod its pallid inmate yields,  
And o'er th' immortal waste their spirits roam.  
  
Obedient to the muse the aets revive,  
Which time long past had veil'd from mortal ken,  
Embattled squadrons rush, as when alive,  
And shadowy falchions gleam o'er shadowy men.  
  
Ah, who art thou, who thus with frantic air  
Fly'st fearless to support that bleeding youth;  
Bind'st his deep gashes with thy glowing hair,  
And diest beside him, to attest thy truth?  
  
"His sister I; an orphan'd pair we griev'd  
For parents long at rest within the grave,  
By a false guardian of our wealth bereav'd—  
The little all parental care could save.  
  
Chill look'd the world, and chilly grew our hearts,  
Oh! where shall poverty expect a smile?  
Gross lawless love assumed its ready arts,  
And all beset was I, with fraud and Guile,  
My Henry saught the war, and drop'd the tears  
Of love fraternal as he bade farewell;  
But fear, soon made me rise above my fears,  
I follow'd—and fate tolls our mutual knell."  
  
Chaste maiden, rest; and brighter spring the green,  
That decorates the turf thy bloom will feed!  
And oh, in softest mercy 'twas I ween'  
To worth like thine, a Brother's grave's decreed.  
  
The dreadful shriek of Death now darts around,  
The hollow winds repeat each tortur'd sigh,  
Deep bitter groans, still deeper groans resound,  
Whilst Fathers, Brothers, Lovers, Husbands die.  
  
Turn from this spot, blest Bard! thy mental eye;  
To hamlets, cities, empires bend its beam!  
'Twill there such multiplying deaths descry,  
That all before thee'll but an abstract seem.  
  
Why waste thy tears o'er this contracted plain?  
The sky which canopies the sons of breath,  
Sees the whole earth one scene of mortal pain,  
The vast, the universal bed of death!  
  
Where, do not Husbands, Fathers, dying moan?  
Where do not Mothers, Sisters, Orphans weep?  
Where, is not heard the last expiring groan,  
Or the deep throttle of the deathful sleep!  
  
If, as Philosophy doth often muse,  
A state of war, is natural state to man,  
Battle's the sickness bravery would choose—  
Noblest disease in nature's various plan!  
  
Let vulgar souls stoop to the fever's rage,  
Or slow, beneath pale atrophy depart,  
With gout and scrophula weak variance wage,  
Or, sink with sorrow cank'ring at the heart,

These, be to common minds, th' unwish'd decree!  
The firm select an illness more sublime;  
By languid dains, scorn their high souls to free,  
But seek the sword's swift edge, and spurn at time.  
ANNA MATILDA.

## LIST OF MUSIC,

*Published at this office, since the first of January last, at 12½ cents each piece.*

Love and music.  
Oh! Cruel!  
O still Remember Me, by H. C. Lewis, Music extracted from Mr. Philipp's Ballad entitled "The Blooming Rose at early morn."  
Blow, blow, thou Winters wind—Dr. Arne,  
Whither my Love, sung by mrs. French,  
Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch, sung by Mrs. French,  
Will you be Mine,  
Vale of Avoca, by Moore,  
What Girl but loves the merry Tar,  
Jesu! Saviour of my soul,  
Is there a heart that never lov'd, sung by Mr. Philipp.  
Tho' love is warm awhile, sung by Mr. Philipp.  
Ahsure a pair was never seen, sung by Mr. Philipp.  
Bewildered Maid, sung by Mr. Philipp.  
Love's Young Dream, sung by mr. Philipp.  
Young Henry, or Love and Glory, sung by mr. Brenan.  
Isabel, my Love, by H. C. Lewis:  
Village Maids I stray, sung by mrs. De Luce.  
Bruce's Address, sung by mr. Incledon.  
Sailors Last Whistle, sung by mr. Incledon.  
The Heart of Charity, by H. C. Lewis.  
We shall live together Laddie!  
Do not Delay, my Love, by H. C. Lewis, Music by Storace.

### ENGRAVED MUSIC,

Just Received and for Sale as above, at the following Reduced Prices.

*At 18 cents each (2 pages.)*

Oh! Cruel!  
Brunswick Waltz, arranged by F. A. Wagler,  
Willig's Waltz, No. 1 and 2.  
Queen of Prussia's Waltz, composed by Himmel,  
Mozart's Waltz,  
Three Waltzes and Rondos,  
Capron's Rondo, arranged by A. Reinagle,  
Baron of Moubray,  
Tyrolese song of Liberty, by T. Moore esq.  
At morning dawn the Hunters rise, sung by mrs. Burke.  
Blue-eyed Stranger,  
Washington Guards, written by J. F. Wells.  
Gale of Love, composed by Z. Mazzingher,  
Maid of Athens, by Lord Byron, music by Horsley,  
Beech Tree's Petition, by Campbell, music by R. Taylor,  
Wreath of Roses, composed by B. Carr.

*At 25 cents each (3 pages.)*  
Cottage Rondo, composed by M. Holst,  
Gently touch the warbling lyre,  
Mary Willow,  
Blue-eyed Youth,  
Minstrel's Harp, from the Lay of the Last Minstrel,  
When I roved a young Highlander, by Lord Byron.

*At 37½ cents, (4 pages.)*  
Le Retour de Cambridge Romance et Rondo.  
*At 50 cents, (5 pages.)*  
Swiss Waltz with 4 variations,  
Medley, with the most favorite airs and variations, by I. C. Moller.

*At 62½ cents, (6 pages.)*  
Lord Wellington's Military Divertimento, by M. Holt.  
*At \$2.50, (29 pages.)*  
Six Sonatas, progressive for the Piano-Forte, by Steibelt.

### WANTED,

An Errand Boy, who can read and write well.  
None need apply without satisfactory recommendations. A reasonable salary will be allowed.  
Apply at this office, June 14, 1819.

## NEW SONG BOOKS,

The First and Second Volumes of the New Universal Weekly Song-Book, containing about five hundred fashionable and favorite songs,

*Bound in Boards,*

For Sale, as above, Price 75 cents per Volume.

### ALSO,

A variety of Stationery, among which are very cheap Pencils, excellent Ink Powder, and small wafers which will be sold *uncommonly low*.

Mr. Lewis has also about 300 Novels to lend by the week, &c. on the usual terms, viz., 6½ cents per volume.

### THE WEEKLY

## LITERARY & MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

This paper contains 8 quarto pages, printed every Monday. A part, not exceeding 2 pages, is always devoted to Music, and the remainder to useful and entertaining LITERATURE.

TERMS, One dollar per quarter, in advance.

Orders from distant parts, addressed to H. C. Lewis, 272 Market-st. enclosing the amount of subscription, (POST-PAID,) attended to immediately.—*Philadelphia, Pa., April, 1819.*

PRINTERS who publish the above, 3 times every quarter, shall receive the work as *paid for*, instead of *exchange*. H. C. LEWIS.